EDMUND COLLINS' WORK,

AS HISTORIAN, JOURNALIST, AND STORY WRITER.

A Former Fredericton Man, Biographer of Sir John A. Macdonald—His Life in Canada and the United States—Some of His Literary Work.

Edmund Collins died in New York city on February 23. He was born in Newfoundland, and during the sixteen years past he achieved distinction as a literary man, not only in this country, but in England, where his historical works especially have made him well known. He began his career in the province of New Brunswick, and as a journalist he wielded a pen that, though sometimes at fault, was bold and fearless, as the readers of the Fredericton *Star* may remember. He merited sometimes the terms he himself often jocosely applied to Andrew Lang, of "Animosity Andy." But his acrimony was not ill-natured, as his enemies have testified. It used to be said that it was no use to attempt to answer Collins as he could say worse things in return. The *Star* was transferred to Chatham and soon afterwards he went to Toronto where he became a close friend of Goldwin Smith and a frequent guest at "The Grange." In 1882 and 1883 he was employed as a special writer on the *Globe*.

He became the biographer of Sir John Macdonald and the history of his life which he wrote is really the history of Canada itself. This was his greatest work, to which he used to turn with a certain pride. Sir John placed at his disposal all the records of the government and offered him every facility for carrying on the work and the result is that although a personal friend of Macdonald and an avowed Conservative himself he has followed the pathway of truth as few other men would have done, arraigning friend and foe alike. Today, in the Parliament of Canada, when a disputed point of history arises the question is asked, "What does Collins say about it?" His style is free and lively, and he was said to have had the faculty of imbuing with life the musty bones of dry historical fact.

The new "Life of Sir John Macdonald" bearing on the cover the name of G. Mercer Adams, is mainly Collins'. No one, of course, would insinuate that the distinguished historian would wish to take credit for that he did not do, or deprive his predecessor of that which he earned, but the gentleman, having performed scarcely more than the work of an editor, has upon cover, title page, and elsewhere so successfully assumed the credit for whatever is of real value in the work, viz.: historical accuracy that the reader is left in serious doubt that the name of Collins is worth mentioning at all in connection therewith. To such an extent, may a known personal failing lead the 'calm judgment' of even the truthful writer of history.

His next work of importance was *Canada Under Lord Lorne*, which he wrote under Lord Lorne himself, with whom he cemented a warm, personal friendship that continued after the arrival of Lord Landsdowne at Rideau Hall. These two books earned for him a reputation not only at home, but wherever Canada was known.

He went to New York about six years ago, conducted the *Epoch*, Seligmans' paper, for the first two years of its existence, and was editor of the *Dry Goods Chronicle* for a year.

Giving up his editorial work, he devoted himself mainly to the writing of stories, mostly of adventure. He cultivated a style of perfect simplicity, believing that nearly always whatever is worth saying could be told in such a way that a child might understand it. He was a constant writer for *Harper's Young People*, *St. Nicholas*, *The Youth's Companion*, *The Boys' Own* and others. He wrote for *Harper's Weekly* and other periodicals of more mature nature, but his best work was that which he wrote for boys and girls. He was one of the New York *Herald's* special writers. Of late he had been writing largely for newspaper syndicates and some of his stories have appeared from time to time in PROGRESS.

His early life was spent in Newfoundland and Labrador and those wild northern coasts with their sea birds, rocks and icebergs furnished him with the material and inspiration for his best work. His themes were mostly Canadian, yet in New York he also entered successfully into competition with the best writers upon their own ground. He always took a keen interest in Canadian affairs, yet had none of the narrow provincialism of some who are content to be Canadian and nothing else besides.

The deceased writer came from an old English family to which belonged Collins of dictionary fame and Wilkie Collins the novelist. His grandfather was one of the earlier governors of Newfoundland, administering the affairs of the island from the deck of his ship and he was also a cousin of Col. Freemantle of the Coldstream guards and of Sir William Blake, lately governor of Jamaica.

ALL THE WAY FROM BOLIVIA.

What a Former St. John Man Says of the Mining Industry.

PROGRESS goes to a great many out of the way places in the world, and there is nothing surprising in the receipt of a letter from the remote regions of South America. The writer, a former St. John man, started his letter on its journey on Dec. 21, as appears by his mark on the envelope, for the date mark of the first post office it reached is illegible. It reached St. John on Feb. 24. The envelope has no postage stamp, for the reason explained in the letter.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Some weeks ago I wrote you from Challapata, which letter I trust you have received ere this, more especially as I entrusted it to a Winnepeg boy to post for me, as there were no postage stamps procurable there, the franzing system being in vogue, a perquisite of the local postmaster. I am employed here in a silver extraction works, we receive lower grades of silver ore from the Aullagas mine in Colguechaca and our output of Plata Pina foots up about $30,000 American gold, sufficient to cover the whole working expenses of the mine and establishment. The Aullagas company are at present paying a dividend of two per cent. monthly on the shares of $1,000 nominal value, but upon which only some $60 have been called up. No shares to be got hold of; what few do change hands are valued at $800, but, of course, subject to balance of call. This is a lovely valley here about 11,000 feet above the level of the sea with something approaching a European vegetation. Potatoes, Indian corn and barley are produced in abundance and I have no doubt but what all sorts of the harder vegetables could be produced in abundance, but the experiment has not been tried yet. There is any quantity of water for irregation purposes with plenty of fall. We have an eleven stamp mill here besides a revolving stone for grinding. Can dispatch about ten tons of finely pulverized ore in 24 hours. The metals are very docile and we manage to secure about 85 per cent. of the assay of the silver. The expenditure of silver per mart (8 oz.) extracted is about 5 oz. Purpose shortly letting you have a scientific paper on the extraction of silver, also a geological report on the far famed Potosi mountain the mines of which are doing very well just now, their output being about $40,000 monthly, working expenses $20,000, surely they ought to declare a dividend soon, but don't buy, this state of things is not going to last, but don't say I said so.

Faithfully, FORWARD.

Agoma via Macha, Bolivia, Dec. 21, '91.

A LITTLE HEROINE.

Effie Johnson Who Rescued Boyd Kelly From Drowning at Campbellton.

Effie Johnson, the 14-year-old daughter of mechanical foreman Johnson, of the I.C.R., at Campbellton, by her daring and courage in saving the life of a playmate from drowning has made herself the most popular girl in the north shore town.

Little Boyd Kelly was skating on the river, when the ice broke and he found himself in the water. He had gone down

twice before his little playmate saw him, and going to his assistance saved his life at the risk of her own.

In recognition of her noble action the citizens of Campbellton presented her with a fine gold watch, handsomely and suitably engraved. The presentation was made at the residence of her father, by Mayor Alexander, in the presence of a large number of Campbellton's representative people.

Not only in Campbellton was her action appreciated, for when the news spread throughout the provinces, the little heroine received many tributes from admirers in different parts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Saved!

A man rode in the elevator car of a big down town building the other day. The boy who boosted the car was ambitious in letters, and had a novel hitched up in front of him. He was not as much skilled as he was ambitious, and, like other unlearned men he read painfully and halt aloud, keeping at the same time an eye on the floors.

"Flossie," he muttered, "turned upon the baffled inventor her eyes, flashing with indignashun, and stamped her foot on the" —second floor, gents, Quackenbas, Doheney & Casey—"on the marble pavement, while her voylet eyes flashed fire, and her shapely bosom heaved with"—third floor, message parlor, 309, to your right—"with wrath. 'Oh, sir,' she said, 'you little recked with whom'—fourth—'you had to deal. I am but a pore'—Billings, 608—'pore country girl, little skilled in the ways of'—Dr. Williams—'the ways of the world, but I know you, catiff, an' I defy you.' 'Ah,' cried the baffled fiend, 'you'—ninth—'shall not thus escape me.' He drew a murderous revolver from his—tenth—and pointed it at the fair creature. At this moment—eleventh—' sfar's we go. Who do you want to find, sir?"

"I wanted to get off at the sixth," said the fat passenger. "But that does not make any difference. Does the feller kill her?"

"I'll see," said the elevator booster, reversing the lever for the down trip. "At this moment the door burst open, and a little active form tore into the room. The girl gave a scream of delight, and with a wild cry of "Thank God, I am saved!" she fell into the protecting arms of honest John Souther. Here's the sixth."

"Thank you," said the fat man.—*Ex.*

A Napoleonic Legend.

Napoleon was adored by his soldiers. There is an amusing account of an altercation between him and an old soldier, who demanded the Cross of the Legion of Honor because he had once given a melon to General Bonaparte during the frightful heats of the desert. Napoleon thanked him again for his melon but declined to decorate him on that ground. The soldier, in a paroxysm of passion, cried out, "Eh, you count for nothing seven wounds received at the bridge of Arcole, at Lodi, Castiglione, the Pyramids, St. Jean d'Acre, Austerlitz, Friedland, eleven campaigns in Egypt, Austria, Prussia——" "Ta, ta, ta," said the Emperor, "how you storm! You ought to have begun with this story, which is worth more than your melon. I make you Chevalier de l'Empire with a dotation of twelve hundred francs. Are you content?" "Sire, I prefer the cross," was the answer.

It was with great difficulty the old soldier was made to understand that the cross went with the title of Chevalier. At last Napoleon took the cross and placed it himself on his breast, and the veteran went away contented.—*Temple Bar.*

STORIES OF CITY LIFE.

A North End Woman Leaves an Order, and an American Buys Moccasins.

A few days ago a lady of the North End, who is highly esteemed for her beauty, as well as for her amiability, called at a store and left an order for a supply of robes—de-nuit for her husband. In due time they were completed and delivered, but were so small that the unfortunate husband was unable to get his head into them, much less to get them on.

The next afternoon, being over in town, she called at the establishment, and seeing one of the firm, told him of the mistake that had occurred. This gentleman expressed deep regret, and asking her to let them have an old garment as a pattern, promised that a new set would be made and delivered, which would be entirely to her satisfaction.

Accordingly, when she returned home, she went to her husband's wardrobe, and taking out at random one of the garments therein, handed it, without special inspection, to the messenger from the store who had called for it.

Now, it happened that the garment sent as a sample, had, by some means or other, received a bad tear on one sleeve, and the lady in question, being like John Gilpin's wife, of a frugal mind, and not wishing to put new wine into old bottles, or to waste new cloth on an old garment, had cut off that part of the garment commonly known as the tail, using the material so obtained for the purpose of patching the sleeve.

You may doubt the truth of my statement, but it is a fact nevertheless that each of the new garments was a perfect fit in every respect, and made strictly according to sample, even to the cutting off of the tail. The garments were at once returned to be retailed.

The second story makes a well known and genial Prince William street banker and a Union street merchant, who is supposed to sell everything from baskets and clothes to sulphur mineral water.

A few days ago the banker had a visit from a friend, a native of the U. S., and who, during his call, remarked he would like to take home, as a momento of his visit to St. John, a pair of Indian moccasins. So the banker, in the goodness of his heart, said: "I will give you a card to my friend Mr. ——— on Union street, who has just the article you want; you tell him that I sent you, and show him that card, and he will be sure to give you a special bargain."

The friend set out, and after about an hour's time, again turned up at the banker's. "Well!" was the banker's inquiry, "How did you make out?"

"Oh!" groaned the visitor, "I haven't got the taste of the stuff out of my mouth yet."

"Taste out of your mouth?" was the puzzled inquiry, "Why what taste, I thought you went up to buy a pair of moccasins." "Oh yes! that part of it was all right, your friend was very kind and very hospitable, in fact too much so. He took me into a small back shop that he had there and telling me that he was sorry that he had not any wine to offer me, but that he had something that tasted just as nice, and was far more beneficial, poured me out a big tumbler full of a white and very innocent looking mixture.

"Not knowing the customs of your country, I supposed that the place corresponded somewhat to our drug-store, and that the mixture he handed me was some new cock-tail of native invention. In my simplicity I took the wretched stuff and drank off nearly the whole tumbler full before I realized what the taste of the beastly mess really was."

"Well!" was the banker's inquiry, "and what was it?"

"Cod liver oil and mineral water!"

CENSOR.

ODE OF THE BOLIVAR.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S LATEST.

Seven men from all the world back to port again;
Rolling down the Ratcliffe road, drunk and raising Cain;
"Give the girls another drink 'fore we sign away,
We that took the Bolivar out across the bay.

We put out from Sunderland loaded down with rails,
We put back to Sunderland 'cos our cargo shifted;
We put out from Sunderland—met the winter gales,
Seven days and seven nights off the Start we drifted.

Racketing her rivets loose, smoke stack white as snow;
All the coals adrift on deck, half the rails below;
Leaking like a lobster pot, steering like a dray;
Out we took the Bolivar, out across the bay.

One by one the lights came up, winked and let us by,
Mile by mile we waddled on, coal and fo'csle short;
Met a blow that laid us down, heard a bulkhead fly,
Left the Wolf behind us with a two-foot list to port.

Trailing like a wounded duck, working out her soul,
Clanging like a smithy shop after every roll;
Just a funnel and a mast lurching through the spray,
So we threshed the Bolivar out across the bay.

Felt her hog and felt her sag; betted when she'd break;
Wondered every time she raced if she'd stand the shock;
Heard the seas like drunken men pounding at her strake;
Hoped the Lord 'ud keep his thumb on the plumber block.

Banged against the iron deck, bilges choked with coal;
Flayed and frozen hand and foot, sick of heart and soul;
Last we prayed she'd buck herself into Judgment Day;
Hi! we cursed the Bolivar knocking round the bay.

Oh! her nose flung up to sky, groaning to be still,
Up and down and back we went, never time for breath;
Then the money paid at Lloyd's caught her in the keel
And the stars ran round and round, dancing at our death.

Aching for an hour's sleep, dozing off between;
Heard the rotten rivets draw when she took it green;
Watched the compass chase its tail like a cat at play,
That was on the Bolivar south across the bay.

Once we saw between the squalls, lying head to swell;
Mad with work and weariness, wishing they was we,
Some damned liner's lights go by like a great hotel,
Cheered her from the Bolivar swamping in the sea.

Then a grayback laid us out, then the skipper laughed:
"Boys! the wheel has gone to hell, rig the winches aft,
Yoke the kicking tiller head! get her under way."
So we steered her pully-haul out across the bay.

Just a pack of rotten plates, puttied up with tar,
In we came and just in time cross Bilbao Bar,
Overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder, we
Euchred God Almighty's storm, bluffed the Eternal Sea."

Seven men from all the world back to town again,
Rolling down the Ratcliffe road drunk and raising Cain,
Seven men from out of hell—"Ain't the owners gay
'Cause we took the *Bolivar* safe across the bay."

—*St. James Budget.*

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Probably Arnold Winkelreed will be remembered with gratitude long after the name of the sweet singer of Michigan shall have rotted in oblivion. He recognized and stuck to his proper spear. I can think of some men now, even in this age of the world, who could win glory by doing as A. W. did. They could offer themselves up. But the heroes of the present day are different. They are just as courageous, but they take a wheelbarrow and push it from New York to San Francisco, or they starve forty days and nights and then eat watermelon and lecture, or they eat 800 snipe in 800 years, or they get an inspiration and kill somebody with it. The heroes of our day do not wear peaked hats and sass tyrants and knock the worm out of an apple at fifty-nine yards rise with a cross-bow, as Tell did, but they know how to be loved by the people and get half the gate money. They are brave, but not mortally. The heroes of our day all die of old age or political malaria.—*Bill Nye.*

Be virtuous and you will be—eccentric. —*Mark Twain.*

And yet I am told the Central Americans are a kindly people in the main. I never met but one of them—a Costa-Rican, on board the *Ariel*. He lay sick with fever, and I went to him and took his hot hand gently in mine. I shall never forget his look of gratitude. And the next day he borrowed five dollars of me, shedding tears as he put it into his pocket. —*Artemus Ward.*

My visions of spring have taken the wing, and are off with the flight of the stork, and the climate today, in a mild sort of way, reminds me of Central New York. For the beautiful snow, as you probably know, has taken this country by storm; and with wonderful thrift it piles drift upon drift, in the very worst kind of bad form. The trains are delayed, and my lecture is played, for it's thirteen long miles to Carlisle; and the way it is snowing and drifting and blowing, thirty rods make a pretty long mile. So despairing I wait till the storm shall abate, and some kind of train comes along, when, shorter and fleeter than any short meter, I'll cut off the rest of my song. But with portent most dire, still higher and higher, still pile up the drifts at the winder; with the roar of a gong the storm sweeps along, and no one seems able to hinder. It's provoking, oh, very; I thought February a season devoted to thaw; but the groundhog, I guess 'at he just like necessity, knows neither season nor law. For the flakes whirling down I can't see the town; I can't tell the South from the Bend; for all I can see, all the world except me, has suddenly come to an end. It's just my blest luck, in a drift to get stuck, and I think if I sought the equator, that a snow storm would foller and fill every holler, with the drifts of a 'seventy-eighter.—*Robt. J. Burdette.*

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 25 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

RUBBER MENDER.—FOR MENDING Rents and Tears in Clothing, Silk and Worsted Dresses, fine Pants, Coats, Ladies' Gloves, Cloaks, etc. Cannot be seen on right side. Sample package by mail 10c. large size 25c. BARTLETT & Co., 36 Charles Street, St. John, N. B. *1t

KODAK CAMERA FOR SALE, in splendid condition, and loaded for 50 exposures. Cost, only four months ago, $25, price $15. R. W. HANINGTON, Dorchester, N. B. mar. 5.1i*

NEW GOODS; WORSTED COATINGS and Suitings, Scotch and English Tweeds, Light Overcoatings, Plain, Checked and Striped Trouserings. Prices—Suits from $14.00; Pants from $4.00; Overcoats from $13.00. A. GILMOUR, Tailor.

STAMPS, PACKET C. contains 100 varieties and a N. B. stamp in every packet, only 15 cents; Fine approved Sheets at 33 per cent. commission. Also pay highest prices in exchange or cash for N. B., N. S. and P. E. I stamps. HANSON & SAUNDERS, P.O. Box. 309, St. John, N.B. feb.20-4i

EVERY ONE IN NEED OF INFORMATION on the subject of advertising will do well to obtain a copy of "Book for Advertisers," 368 pages, price one dollar. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price. Contains a careful compilation from the American Newspaper Directory of all the best papers and class journals; gives the circulation rating of everyone, and a good deal of information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising.—Address ROWELL'S ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 Spruce street, N. Y.

ADVERTISING. IF YOU WISH TO ADVERTISE anything, any where, at anytime, write to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., No. 10 Spruce street, New York.

FOR SALE, HALLETT, DAVIS & CO. Square Piano, 7½ octave; four round corners. Cost $600.00, only a short time in use; must be sold; price, $250.00.—C. FLOOD & SONS, 31 and 33 King street. aug 1.

BOARDING. A FEW PERMANENT or Transient Boarders can be accommodated with large and pleasant rooms, in that very centrally located house, 78 Sidney street.—MRS. MCINNIS. May2.

SMALL TOWNS LIKE BUCTOUCHE, Hopewell, Salisbury, Norton, Marysville, Chipman, Harvey, Vanceboro, Upper Woodstock, Presque Isle, Caribou, Fort Fairfield, Wey mouth and scores of other places should each have a boy willing to make money. He can do it easily by selling PROGRESS. Splendid profit and little work. Address for information, Circulation Department PROGRESS St. John N. B.

ENERGETIC CANVASSERS, men or women, wanted to work in this city or suburbs. A splendid chance for the right people to make money easily. For further particulars address O. K., Drawer 21, St. John, N. B. Oct. 10-ef

FIVE LINES IN THIS COLUMN cost 25 cents for one insertion—$1 for one month. If you have anything to sell that any person wants, you cannot do better than say so here.

FRIENDS OF PROGRESS who know of bright honest boys who would not object to making some money for themselves, or keeping their parents, by two or three hours work every Saturday, in such towns and villages in the Maritime provinces where PROGRESS is not for sale at present, can learn of something to their advantage, by writing to PROGRESS "Circulation Department," St. John, N. B.

EVERY WEEK THERE ARE BRIGHT boys in towns and villages where we have no agencies, sending to secure the right to sell PROGRESS. There are scores of small places where the people would be glad to take PROGRESS every week, if any boy could be found who would deliver it, and collect the money. There is enjoyment in it for them, and money for the boys.

5 PACKS OF CARDS, FREE

One Pack, May I. C. U. Home; One Pack, Escort; One Pack, Flirtation; One Pack, Hold to the light; One Pack, Our Sofa just holds two. One sample book full of Novelties, all FREE, if you send 5 cts. silver, for postage.

W. A. KINNEY, T. H., YARMOUTH, N. S.

NEXT TO THE BIBLE!

That's what they say of a good Dictionery such as PROGRESS offers with a year's subscription

For $3.95

CANNED Salmon. Lobsters. Oysters. Corn. Tomatoes. Peas. Beans. Peaches.

1400 Cases

In lots of 25 Cases, at manufacturers' prices.

JOSEPH FINLEY, 65, 67, and 69 Dock St.

ARTISTIC MANTEL PIECES!

In Wood and Slate, Andirons, Fenders and Fixtures of all kinds for Open Fire Places in new and attractive designs. Tile Hearths and Facings in all the latest colorings, and in great variety.

WE have just completed some alterations in our Showrooms made for the purpose of showing a large assortment of above goods with proper surroundings, and it will afford us much pleasure to have all who may be interested, whether purchasing or not to call and inspect what we have to show.

EMERSON & FISHER,
75 to 79 Prince Wm. St.,
MANUFACTURERS
Stoves, Mantel Pieces and Tinware.

ENGLISH CUTLERY.

For Hotel and Family use, Fine Electro Plated Table Ware.

T. McAVITY & SONS, - St. John, N. B.

Whatever furnishes us with good, healthy, legitimate fun will make us stronger physically as well as mentally, and give us renewed vigor in the daily struggle for position and emolument. That's what the wheel is doing for hundreds of professional men all over the land.—*Dr. W. K. Doty, New York.*

SINGER SAFETY BICYCLES.

20,000 Singer Safety Bicycles manufactured in 1891!

Special Improvements for 1892:
The Singer Wired Cushion Tire.
The Singer Ball Steering Head.
The Singer Steering Lock.
The Singer Detachable Crank Bracket

We are Sole Agents for Singer & Co., Coventry, England, for the Maritime Provinces. Send in your name for 1892 Catalogue of Cycles and Cycle Sundries.

SPECIAL SINGER, 1892.

C. E. Burnham & Son,
83 and 85 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Always ask for Islay Blend.

TAKE NO OTHER!

SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING
Retail and Wholesale dealers everywhere.

Pronounced by the Government Chief Analyst Macfarlane, superior to all other Whiskies imported into Canada. See page 21 of the Official Report of the Inland Revenue Department issued Dec. 31st. 1891,

REPORT ON "THE ISLAY BLEND" WHISKEY.

Registered by request of Messrs. MACKIE & CO., Lagavulin and Laphroaig, Island of Islay, Argyleshire, Scotland.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, LONDON.

I have carefully analyzed and tested the above Whiskey, and am of the opinion that it is a very High Class Brand, of very delicate flavor, and mellow throughout; there is an entire absence of any artificial sweetening, or any other matter which render the majority of Whiskey deleterious. It is also entirely free from fusel oil. The slight color it has is obtained from lying in bond, and from a porportion of the Whiskey being matured in sherry casks. I can safely recommend it for medicinal purposes as being a reliable and thoroughly genuine article.

(Signed) ALFRED ROBINSON, M.B., M.R.C.S., Eng., Etc.

CITY ANALYST'S LABORATORY,
138 BATH STREET,
GLASGOW, 30th, Sept. 1880.

Report of Analysis of a sample of Messrs. MACKIE & Co.'s "ISLAY BLEND" of Whiskey, received on the 24th inst.

I have made a careful analysis of a sample representing 800 dozen bottles of Messrs. MACKIE & Co.'s "ISLAY BLEND" WHISKEY, and I find that it is a pure Whiskey, and entirely free from any coloring or flavouring matter, except such as is naturally absorbed by being matured in Sherry Casks. I am of opinion that it is several years old, and a superior quality of Whiskey.

(Signed) JOHN CLARK, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.,
Lecturer on Chemistry at the Royal Infirmary School of Medicine, and Public Analyst for the City of Glasgow, etc.

IMPORT ORDERS SOLICITED BY

T. WM. BELL, St. John, N. B.

SOLE AGENT FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.